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DEBORAH SAMPSON.

*Published by W. Mann, 1797.*

# AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN 1802 IN VARIOUS  
TOWNS IN MASSACHUSETTS,  
RHODE ISLAND AND NEW YORK

BY

MRS. DEBORAH SAMPSON GANNETT  
OF SHARON, MASSACHUSETTS

A SOLDIER OF THE  
AMERICAN REVOLUTION

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REPRINTED BY THE SHARON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
EUGENE TAPPAN CORRESPONDING  
SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY

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## INTRODUCTION TO REPRINT.

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A reprint is here given of the pamphlet published in Dedham, Massachusetts, in 1802, containing an address delivered by Mrs. Deborah Sampson Gannett of Sharon, Massachusetts. The pamphlet is now rare, and thanks are due to the Dedham Historical Society for the loan of its copy. The courtesy also is acknowledged of Miss Frances M. Mann of Dedham, for the use of the original copper plate from which was printed in 1797 the portrait of Deborah Sampson in the somewhat fanciful biography entitled "The Female Review, or Memoirs of an American Young Lady." Miss Mann is the librarian of the Dedham Public Library, and the granddaughter of Herman Mann, who wrote the Female Review.

The address was delivered by Mrs. Gannett in 1802, in many towns in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York. It treats of her experience as a soldier of the American Revolution.

Deborah Sampson was born in Plympton, Massachusetts, December 17, 1760. Plympton is near old Plymouth, of which it was formerly a part, and Deborah's ancestors were some of the foremost Pilgrim settlers. In a note in John A. Vinton's edition of the Female Review (1866), pp. 45, etc., the descent of Deborah is traced from Abraham Sampson, Miles Standish, John Alden and William Bradford, as well as from Alice Southworth and Bathsheba Le Broche.

Under the name of Robert Shurtleff, Deborah Samp-

son enlisted in the Continental army as a soldier, and served in Capt. George Webb's Company in the 4th Massachusetts Regiment commanded by Col. Shepard, afterwards by Col. Jackson. She was wounded in an engagement at Tarrytown, New York. and was honorably discharged in the fall of 1783.

In the following spring she was married to Benjamin Gannett, the son of a patriotic citizen of Sharon, Massachusetts. Here she lived until her death, April 29, 1827, and reared a family of three children, Earl Bradford, Mary and Patience. Mary Gannett was married to Judson Gilbert and Patience Gannett to Seth Gay.

In recognition of her military service, the Massachusetts Legislature in 1792 granted her thirty-four pounds. The resolve recites "that the said Deborah exhibited an extraordinary instance of female heroism by discharging the duties of a faithful, gallant soldier, and at the same time preserving the virtue and chastity of her sex unsuspected and unblemished, and was discharged from the service with a fair and honorable character." On the 11th of March, 1805, she was allowed a pension of four dollars per month at the pension office in Washington. The pension commenced from January 1, 1803, and was increased in 1816 to \$6.40 per month. From 1819 she drew a pension of eight dollars per month during her life.

Eleven years after her death, Congress passed a special act (Statutes at Large, vol. 6, page 735), directing the secretary of the treasury to pay to the heirs of Deborah Gannett the sum of \$466.66. The committee in reporting the bill, remark: "As there cannot be a parallel case in all time to come, the committee do not hesitate to grant relief." The act reads as follows:—

*Be it enacted, &c.,* That the Secretary of the Treasury

ERRATUM.—The reference in the text to the time of the marriage of Deborah Sampson was based on Mr. Vinton's notes in the *Female Review*; but the original town records of Stoughton give April 7, 1785, as the date.



be, and he is hereby, directed to pay, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to the heirs of Deborah Gannett, a revolutionary soldier, and late the wife of Benjamin Gannett, of Sharon, in the State of Massachusetts, now deceased, the sum of four hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents, being an equivalent for a full pension of eighty dollars per annum, from the fourth day of March, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, to the decease of Benjamin Gannett in January, eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, as granted in certain cases to the widows of revolutionary soldiers by the act passed the fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, entitled "An act granting half pay to widows or orphans where their husbands or fathers have died of wounds received in the military service of the United States in certain cases, and for other purposes."

Approved July 7, 1838.

In preparing the foregoing facts concerning Deborah Sampson's military service, use has been made of the introduction to Vinton's Edition of the Female Review already referred to.

Deborah Sampson Gannett first delivered her address in the Federal Street Theatre in Boston, in March, 1802. Advertisements of the performances are found in the "Columbian Centinel," in the issues of March 20, 24 and 27. The places and times of some other deliveries of the address by her in the same year were: Providence, May 5; Worcester, July 22; Holden, July 30; Brookfield, August 9; Springfield, August 13; Northampton, August 18; Albany, August 31 and September 1; Schenectady, September 7; and Ballston Springs, September 9.

On her lecturing tour Mrs. Gannett lodged at the following places:—Robert Williams, Liberty Square, Boston; Widow Jones, Providence; Capt. John Seamons,

Wharf Lane, Newport Ferry; Herman Mann, Dedham; Capt. James Tisdale, Medfield; Jacob Miller, Worcester; Capt. George Webb, Holden; William Howes and Capt. Draper, Brookfield; Eleazer Williams ("son to Dr. Williams, formerly of Roxbury"), Springfield; Mr. Pomeroy, Northampton; Alfred Pomeroy and Mr. Whitmore, Chesterfield; Mr. Allen, Pittsfield; Capt. Keeler, Green Street, Albany; James Rogers, Schenectady; Mr. Mac-Master, Ballston; Capt. Ashleyeo, Troy; Mr. Booth, Hudson; Mr. Streets, Catskill; Mr. Bosticks, Easton; and Gen. John Paterson, Lisle.

The fact of the Worcester address was furnished by Hon. Alfred S. Roe of that city, who discovered in the "Massachusetts Spy" of Worcester, in its issue of July 21, 1802, the advertisement of the proposed address "in the Court House, tomorrow, at 5 o'clock P. M." The other names and dates above given, later than the Boston engagement, appear in a short diary kept by Mrs. Gannett, containing entries from May 3, 1802, to January 6, 1803. They are given here, partly with the hope that some readers may follow up a clew thus afforded, and from diaries, newspapers or family traditions may reach results of interest to be communicated to the Sharon Historical Society. For such communications the thanks of the Society will be given.

The longest entries in Mrs. Gannett's diary relate to Providence, and are as follows:—

"1802, May 3d. I took stage in Dedham. Rode to Providence in company with Mr. William Billings and lady. This polite gentleman and lady showed every mark of genuine friendship. They invited me to take tea with them at our arrival. I informed these generous people of my wishes in making a public appearance, either in Mr. Amidon's hall or in the theatre. Mr. B. informed me that

he wished to do everything that lay in his power to assist me, and appeared to be much pleased in reading the bill of my performance in the theatre at Boston.

“I conveyed my letters of recommendation to Mr. Wheeler, and this gentleman—Mr. Wheeler—came immediately, and he advised me to perform in Mr. Amidon’s hall; and finally I gave him my bill of the performance in Boston. He printed my bill, and they were set up in the most public places in the town, and Wednesday evening was to be the first of my performance. But I was quite unfortunate, indeed, for I was taken quite unwell, and of course was obliged to postpone my exhibition until Thursday evening.

“May 5. When I entered the hall, I must say I was much pleased at the appearance of the audience. It appeared from almost every countenance that they were full of unbelief—I mean in regard to my being the person that served in the revolutionary army.

“Some of them which I happened to overhear swore that I was a lad of not more than eighteen years of age. I sat some time in my chair before I rose to deliver my address. When I did, I think I may with much candor applaud the people for their serious attention and peculiar respect, especially the ladies.”

The animated, flowing style and love of incident displayed in the foregoing extracts make one wish that Mrs. Gannett had penned her own address, and not “procured” it to be written, as stated in her editor’s introduction.

In the Albany Register for August 31, 1802, was the following notice, a copy of which was furnished by Miss May Childs Nerney, who is in charge of the history division of the State Library in Albany.

### “MRS. GANNETT’S EXHIBITION

“The ladies and gentlemen of Albany and its vicinity are respectfully informed that Mrs. Gannett, the celebrated American Heroine, who served nearly three years with great reputation in our Revolutionary Army, will, at the request of a number of respectable characters, deliver an Address to the inhabitants of this city and vicinity, in the Court House, this evening at ½ past seven o’clock.

“Tickets may be had at the Court House from 5 o’clock till the performance begins. Price 25 cents, children half price.

“Albany, August 31, 1802.”

Under the caption of “My Expense in Albany” are the following bills in the diary, which show the curious detail work of the lecturer:—

	D. c.
“To old key keeper.....	2 00
To Mr. Barber for printing.....	3 00
To Mr. Lester for filling blank and finding candles .....	1 34
To Mr. Giles for attendance.....	2 67
To sweeping the court house.....	0 48
For cleaning the candle sticks.....	0 20
For brushing the seats.....	0 17
For the dressing my hair, 2 even.....	1 00
To boarding.....	6 00
To washing.....	1 34”

Mrs. Gannett visited her captain (George Webb) in Holden, near Worcester, where she staid three weeks. She also visited her general (John Paterson) in Lisle, New York, where she staid a month. Of the latter visit she says:—“November 11 [1802] I arrived at Judge Paterson’s at Lisle. This respectable family treated me with



every mark of distinction and friendship, and likewise all the people did the same. I really want for words to express my gratitude. They often met together in the neighborhood and had the most social meetings. They seemed to unite in hearty congratulations with my old friend, Judge Paterson, on our happy meeting."

As General Paterson, now Judge Paterson, was a member of Congress, 1803 to 1805, and as Mrs. Gannett's pension was obtained in 1805 and ran from 1803, it would seem probable that he had a hand in procuring it. If so, it was a good pecuniary result of her lecturing venture. She also obtained from her lectures enough money to enable her to forward some to Sharon, "which I hope," she writes, "my family will make a good use of."

Concerning the contents of the address, it must be admitted that it contains little narrative, being largely apologetic. The speaker alludes to adverse criticism of her act in enlisting as a soldier, which she owns to be an act of presumption. But she had pondered on the injustice of the war, and wished to be an avenger. Seizing an opportunity, she enlisted, and then determined to stay to the end. A few scenes of the war are named. Of the engagement of White Plains, she says: "I was there." The motive that caused her to enlist is referred to, which she seems to decide by attributing it to her fate. If a man had done it, he would have achieved immortal glory and fame. But she was a woman, and so contents herself with claiming her hearers' indulgence, as she is conscious of the approbation of God. She closes the address with expressing her high respect for her own sex—a respect increased by her rough experience.

To make the reprint more exact, the spelling of the original is preserved, such as the careless omission of a letter in the word "ADDRSS" on the title page. This

particular mistake was afterwards corrected, as is shown in another copy.

The lecturing tour of Deborah Sampson Gannett in 1802 forms a most interesting chapter in her life, as it shows her to be a pioneer in this field. It may be difficult to name a woman before her time who earned money by travelling alone from town to town, attending to her own business details and delivering an address. The writers of her career, however, have scarcely touched upon this subject. The first public notice of Mrs. Gannett as a lecturer appears to have been taken in her own town of Sharon, April 3, 1902, at a banquet in the town hall commemorative of the centenary of the event. On this occasion, after-dinner speeches were made by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore of Melrose, Hon. Alfred S. Roe of Worcester, Mrs. Myra B. Hatch of Whitman, Edmund H. Talbot and Rev. Almon J. Dyer of Sharon. Frank E. Burbank of Sharon read an address written by Rev. A. A. Berle, D. D., now of Salem. Selections from Mrs. Gannett's diary were read by Mrs. Susan G. Moody, a great-granddaughter, who resides in the old homestead.

The house where Deborah Sampson Gannett lived, somewhat changed, still stands in good preservation on East street, a mile from Sharon village, and her grave is in Rockridge cemetery, on the same street, one mile south-westerly from the house. A street near by is named Deborah Sampson street. Many of her descendants reside in Sharon and the adjoining towns. The honored name of their ancestress is often pronounced, and visits are often made to her home and her grave. A new tribute to the memory of Mrs. Gannett will appear on the soldiers' monument soon to be erected a short distance from her grave, from funds bequeathed for the purpose in the will of her grandson, George Washington Gay, late of Sharon.

He was son of Seth and Patience Gay above mentioned. After providing for the monument, the testator says: "I further request to have the name Deborah Sampson Gannett, with proper reference to her service in the war of the revolution, inscribed on the same memorial stone."

EUGENE TAPPAN.

Sharon, April, 1905.



A N  
A D D R S S,

DELIVERED WITH APPLAUSE,

AT THE *FEDERAL-STREET THEATRE*, BOSTON,  
FOUR SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS OF THE DIFFERENT  
PLAYS, BEGINNING *MARCH 22, 1802*;

AND AFTER, AT OTHER PRINCIPAL TOWNS, A  
NUMBER OF NIGHTS SUCCESSIVELY  
AT EACH PLACE;

BY MRS. DEBORAH GANNET,

THE AMERICAN HEROINE,

*Who served three years with reputation (undiscovered as a  
Female) in the late AMERICAN ARMY.*

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PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE AUDIENCES.

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Copy Right Secured.

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Dedham :

PRINTED and SOLD by H. MANN, for Mrs. GANNET,  
at the MINERVA OFFICE,—1802.



## INTRODUCTION.

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*THE character and achievements of Mrs. GANNETT, late DEBORAH SAMPSON, the American Heroine, have excited much curiosity in the United States. At the close of the revolution, she retired to an obscure part of Massachusetts, selected, or rather was selected, a partner of an industrious farmer. From her Memoirs, since published, and the best, nearest information, she continues to support, with reputation, the offices of Wife, Mother and Friend—affable in her disposition, courteous in her manners, and universally benevolent.*

*IT is from her naturally ambitious disposition, and taste for a more elevated stile of life, that she is induced to re-visit some of the principal places, which were the theatre of her personating the soldier—to appear in public, to open the eyes of the incredulous, and to wipe off any aspersions, which the whispers of satire, caprice, or malevolence may have wantonly thrown upon her.*

*THIS resolution being communicated to a number of respectable Characters, she received invitations from them, to make her appearance on the Boston Theatre, and to give a recital of some of the principal traits of her life. This proposal caught both her fancy and her wishes, honorably to enhance the pecuniary interest of her family; which she is said industriously to economize.*

*SHE accordingly procured the following, which she remarkably soon committed, verbatim, to memory, except an ad-*

*dition since of about three pages. Under the superintendence of Messrs. POWELL and HARPER, she was ushered on to the Stage in a very polite manner; where, before a crowded assembly, perfectly unabashed, she very audibly recited her naration. In the Manual Exercise, being in complete uniform, and during the Soldier's Festival, she acquitted herself with peculiar ease and grace.—An attendant has since introduced her to the Audience by the following*

### PROSPECTUS.

*Ye Guardian FRIENDS of LIBERTY and PEACE,  
Our surest hope of merit, power, increase,  
Mark here those traits so rare in Female's name;  
She does not speak, nor do I write, for fame.  
Her boldest claim is simple, gen'ine Truth;  
Her humblest plea is for her Sex and Youth.  
May not base calumny her deeds supplant;  
Your Patronage as from a Parent, grant.—  
E'en Britain's Fair, though proud, this truth must own—  
When Liberty's at stake, a FEMALE storms the Throne!*



## ADDRESS.

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NOT unlike the example of the patriot and philanthropist, though perhaps perfectly so in effect, do I awake from the tranquil slumbers of retirement, to active, public scenes of life, like those which now surround me. That genius which is the prompter of *curiosity*, and that spirit which is the support of *enterprize*, early drove, or, rather illured me, from the corner of humble obscurity—their cheering aspect has again prevented a torpid rest.

SECONDARY to these are the solicitations of a number of worthy characters and friends, too persuasive and congenial with my own disposition to be answered with indifference, or to be rejected, have induced me thus to advance and bow submissive to an audience, simply and concisely to rehearse a *tale of truth*; which, though it took its rise, and finally terminated in the splendor of public life, I was determined to repeat only as the soliloquy of a hermit, or to the visionary phantoms, which hover through the glooms of solitude.

A TALE—the truth of which I was ready to say, but which, perhaps, others have already said for me, ought to expel me from the enjoyment of society, from

the acknowledgment of my own sex, and from the endearing friendship of the other. But this, I venture to pronounce, would be saying too much: For as I should thus not respect *myself*, should be entitled to none from *others*.

I INDEED recollect it as a foible, an error and presumption, into which, perhaps, I have too inadvertently and precipitately run; but which I now retrospect with anguish and amazement—recollect it, as a THOMSON, or any other moralizing naturalist, susceptible to the like fine feelings of nature, recollects the howling blasts of *winter*, at a period when *Flora* has strewed the earth with all her profusion of delicacies, and whose zephyrs are wasting their fragrance to heighten our sensations of tranquility and pleasure;—or, rather, perhaps, I ought to recollect it, as a mariner, having regained his native shore of serenity and peace, looks back on the stormy billows which, so long and so constantly had threatened to ingulph him in the bowels of the deep! And yet I must frankly confess, I recollect it with a kind of satisfaction, which no one can better conceive and enjoy than him, who, recollecting the *good intentions* of a *bad deed*, lives to see and to correct any indecorum of his life.

BUT without further preliminary apologies, yet with every due respect towards this brilliant and polite circle, I hasten to a review of the most conspicuous parts of that path, which led to achievements, which some have believed, but which many still doubt. Their accomplishment once seemed to me as impossible, as that I am

author of them, is now incredible to the incredulous, or wounding to the ear of more refined delicacy and taste. They are a breach in the decorum of my sex, unquestionably; and, perhaps, too unfortunately ever irreconcilable with the rigid maxims of the moralist; and a sacrifice, which, while it may seem perfectly incompatible with the requirements of virtue—and which of course must ring discord in the ear, and disgust to the bosom of sensibility and refinement, I must be content to leave to time and the most scrutinizing enquiry to disclose.

UNLETTERED in any scholastic school of erudition, you will not expect, on this occasion, the entertainment of the soft and captivating sounds of eloquence; but rather a narration of facts in a mode as uncouth as they are unnatural. *Facts*—which, though I once experienced, and of which memory has ever been painfully retentive, I cannot now make you feel, or paint to the life.

KNOW then, that my juvenile mind early became inquisitive to understand—not merely whether the principles, or rather the seeds of *war* are analagous to the genuine nature of *man*—not merely to know why he should forego every trait of *humanity*, and to assume the character of a *brute*; or, in plainer language, why he should march out tranquilly, or in a paroxism of rage against his fellow-man, to butcher, or be butchered?—for these, alas! were too soon horribly verified by the massacres in our streets, in the very streets which encompass this edifice—in yonder adjacent villas,\* on yonder

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\*LEXINGTON, and the adjacent towns and hamlets, when the British marched out of Boston to destroy the military stores at Concord.

memorable eminence,\* where now stand living monuments of the atrocious, the heart-distracting, mementous scenes, that followed in rapid succession!

THIS I am ready to affirm, though it may be deemed unnatural in my sex, is not a demoralization of human nature. The sluices, both of the blood of *freemen* and of *slaves*, were first opened here. And those hills and vallies, once the favorite resort, both of the lover and philosopher, have been drunk with their blood! A new subject was then opened to the most pathetic imagination, and to the rousing of every latent spark of humanity, one should think, in the bosoms of the *wolves*, as well as in those of the *sheep*, for whose blood they were so thirsty.

BUT most of all, my mind became agitated with the enquiry—why a nation, separated from us by an ocean more than three thousand miles in extent, should endeavor to enforce on us plans of subjugation, the most unnatural in themselves, unjust, inhuman, in their operations, and unpractised even by the uncivilized savages of the wilderness? Perhaps nothing but the critical juncture of the times could have excused such a philosophical disquisition of politics in woman, notwithstanding it was a theme of universal speculation and concern to man. We indeed originated from her, as from a parent, and had, perhaps, continued to this period in subjection to her mandates, had we not discovered, that this, her romantic, avaricious and cruel disposition extended to *murder*, after having bound the *slave*!

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\*BREED'S HILL.—*wrongly called Bunker Hill.*

CONFIRMED by this time in the justness of a defensive war on the one side, from the most aggravated one on the other—my mind ripened with my strength; and while our beds and our roses were sprinkled with the blood of indiscriminate youth, beauty, innocence and decrepit old age, I only seemed to want the *license* to become one of the severest *avengers* of the wrong.

FOR several years I looked on these scenes of havoc, rapacity and devastation, as one looks on a drowning man, on the conflagration of a city—where are not only centered his coffers of gold, but with them his choicest hopes, friends, companions, his all—without being able to extend the rescuing hand to either.

WROUGHT upon at length, you may say, by an enthusiasm and phrenzy, that could brook no control—I burst the tyrant bands, which *held my sex in awe*, and clandestinely, or by stealth, grasped an opportunity, which custom and the world seemed to deny, as a natural privilege. And whilst poverty, hunger, nakedness, cold and disease had dwindled the *American Armies* to a handful—whilst universal terror and dismay ran through our camps, ran through our country—while even WASHINGTON himself, at their head, though like a god, stood, as it were, on a pinnacle tottering over the abyss of destruction, the last prelude to our falling a wretched prey to the yawning jaws of the monster aiming to devour—not merely for the sake of gratifying a fecetious curiosity, like that of my reputed Predecessor, in her romantic excursions through the garden of bliss—did I throw off the soft habiliments of *my sex*,

and assume those of the *warrior*, already prepared for battle.

THUS I became an actor in that important drama, with an inflexible resolution to persevere through the last scene; when we might be permitted and acknowledged to enjoy what we had so nobly declared we would possess, or lose with our lives—FREEDOM and INDEPENDENCE!—When the philosopher might resume his researches unmolested—the statesman be disembarrassed by his distracting theme of national politics—the divine find less occasion to invoke the indignation of heaven on the usurpers and cannibals of the inherent rights and even existence of man—when the son should again be restored to the arms of his disconsolate parent, and the lover to the bosom of her, for whom indeed he is willing to jeopard his life, and for whom alone he wishes to live!

A NEW scene, and, as it were, a new world now opened to my view; the objects of which now seemed as important, as the transition before seemed unnatural. It would, however, here be a weakness in me to mention the tear of repentance, or of that of temerity, from which the stoutest of my sex are, or ought not to be, wholly exempt on extreme emergencies, which many times involuntarily stole into my eye, and fell unheeded to the ground: And that too before I had reached the embattled field, the ramparts, which protected its internal resources—which shielded youth, beauty, and the delicacy of that sex at home, which perhaps I had forfeited in turning volunteer in their defence. *Temeritis*—when

reflections on my former situation, and this new kind of being, were daggers more frightful, than all the implements of war—when the rustling of every leaf was an omen of danger, the whisper of each wind, a tale of woe! If then the poignancy of thought stared me thus haggardly in the face, found its way to the inmost recesses of my heart, thus forcibly, in the commencement of my career—what must I not have anticipated before its close!

THE curtain is now up—a scene opens to your view; but the objects strike your attention less forcibly, and less interestingly, than they then did, not only my own eyes, but every energetic sensation of my soul. What shall I say further? Shall I not stop short, and leave to your imaginations to pourtray the tragic deeds of war? Is it not enough, that I here leave it even to unexperience, to fancy the hardships, the anxieties, the dangers, even of the best life of a soldier? And were it not improper, were it not unsafe, were it not indelicate, and were I certain I should be intitled to a pardon, I would appeal to the soft bosom of my own sex to draw a parallel between the perils and sexual inconveniences of a girl in her teens, and not only in the armour, but in the capacity, at any rate, obliged to perform the duties in the field—and those who go to the camp without a masquerade, and consequently subject only to what toils and sacrifices they please: Or, will a conclusion be more natural from those who sometimes take occasion to complain by their own domestic fire-sides; but who, indeed, are at the same time in affluence, cherished in the arms of their companions, and sheltered from the storms of war by the rougher sex in arms?

MANY have seen, and many can contemplate, in the field of imagination, battles and victories amidst garments rolled in blood: but it is only one of my own sex, exposed to the storm, who can conceive of my situation.

WE have all heard of, many have doubtless seen, the meteor streaming through or breaking in the horizon—the terrific glare of the comet, in its approach towards, or in its declension from us, in its excentric orbit—the howling of a tempest—the electric fluid, which darts majesty and terror through the clouds—its explosion and tremendous effects!—BOSTONIANS, and you who inhabit its environs, you who have known from experience your houses and your hills tremble from the cannonade of *Charlestown*,—your ears are yet wounded by the shrieks of her mangled and her distressed—your eyes swimming in a deluge of anguish at the sight of our butchered, expiring relatives and friends; while the conflagration of the town added the last solemnity to the scene!

THIS idea must assimilate with the progress of this horrid delusion of war. Hence you can behold the parched soil of *White-Plains* drink insatiate the blood of her most peaceful and industrious proprietors—of *freemen*, and of *slaves*! I was there! The recollection makes me shudder!—A dislocated limb draws fresh anguish from my heart!

YOU may have heard the thunderings of a volcano—you may have contemplated, with astonishment and wonder, the burial of a city by its eruption. Your ears



then are yet deafened from the thunderings of the invasion of *York Town*—your eyes dazzled, your imaginations awfully sublimed, by the fire which belched from its environs, and towered, like that from an eruption of *Etna*, to the clouds! Your hearts yet bleed, from every principle of humanity, at the recollection of the havoc, carnage and death that reigned there!

THREE successive weeks, after a long and rapid march, found me amidst this storm.—But, happy for AMERICA, happy for EUROPE, perhaps for the WORLD, when, on the delivery of CORNWALLIS'S sword to the illustrious, the immortal WASHINGTON, or rather by his order, to the brave LINCOLN, the sun of *Liberty* and *Independence* burst through a sable cloud, and his benign influence was, almost instantaneously, felt in our remotest corners! The phalanx of war was thus broken through, and the palladium of peace blossoming on its ruins.

I WILL not hence urge you to retrace with me (tranquilly you surely cannot) all the footsteps of our valient heroic LEADERS through the distraction both of elements and of war. I will not even pourtray an attempt to reinforce the brave SCHUYLER, then on the borders of Canada; where, if the *war-whoop* of infernals should not strike you with dismay, the *tommahawk* would soon follow!

NOR need I point you to the death-like doors of the hospital in Philadelphia, whose avenues were crouded

with the sick, the dying and the dead; though myself made one of the unhappy croud!

You have now but the shade of a picture; which neither time nor my abilities will permit me to show you to the life. The haggard fiend, despair, may have stared you in the face, when giving over the pursuit of a favorite, lost child: And it is only in this torture of suspense that we can rightly conceive of its situation.

SUCH is my experience—not that I ever mourned the loss of a child, but that I considered myself as lost! For, on the one hand, if I fell not a victim to the infuriate rabble of a mob, or of a war not yet fully terminated—a disclosure of my peculiar situation seemed infinitely worse than either. And if from stratagem and perseverance, I may acquire as great knowledge in every respect as I have of myself in this, my knowledge, at least of human nature, will be as complete as it is useful.

BUT we will now hasten from the field, from the embattled entrenchments, built for the destruction of man, from a long, desolating war, to contemplate more desirable and delightful scenes. And notwithstanding curiosity may prompt any to retrace the climax of our revolution, the means, under a smiling, superintending providence, by which we have outrode the storms of danger and distress—what heart will forget to expand with joy and gratitude, to beat in unison, at the propitious recollection? And I enquire, what infant tongue can ever forget or cease being taught to lisp the praises of WASHINGTON, and those of that bright constella-

tion of WORTHIES, who swell the list of COLUMBIAN fame—those, by whose martial skill and philanthropic labors, we were first led to behold, after a long and stormy night, the smiling sun of *Peace* burst on our benighted WORLD! And while we drop a tear over the flowery turf of those patriots and sages, may she unrivalled enjoy and encrease her present bright sunshine of happiness! May agriculture and commerce, industry and manufactures, arts and sciences, virtue and decorum, union and harmony—those richest sources of our worth, and strongest pillars of our strength, become stationary, like fixed stars in the firmament, to flourish in her clime!

Hail dearest LIBERTY! thou source sublime!  
 What rays refulgent dart upon our clime!  
 For thee the direful contest has been waged,  
 Our hope, and all that life held dear engaged.  
 Thee the prime offspring which my thoughts employ,  
 Once sought with grief—now turns that grief to joy.  
 Your beatific influence extend  
 O'er AFRICA, whose sable race befriend.  
 May EUROPE, as our sister-empire, join,  
 To hail thee rising with your power divine,  
 From the lone cottage to the tyrant's throne,  
 May LIBERTY, ethereal guest, be known!  
 Be thou preserved for nations yet unborn,  
 Fair as the shining Star that decks the morn.

BUT the question again returns—*What particular inducement could she have thus to elope from the soft sphere of her own sex, to perform a deed of valor by way of sacrilege on unhallowed ground—voluntarily to face the storms both of elements and war, in the character of*

*him, who is more fitly made to brave and endure all danger?*

AND dost thou ask what fairy hand inspired  
A *Nymph* to be with martial glory fired?  
Or, what from art, or yet from nature's laws,  
Has join'd a *Female* to her country's cause?  
Why on great Mars's theatre she drew  
Her *female* pourtrait, though in soldier's hue?

THEN ask—why *Cincinnatus* left his farm?  
Why science did old PLATO'S bosom warm?  
Why HECTOR in the Trojan war should dare?  
Or why should HOMER trace his actions there?  
Why NEWTON in philosophy has shown?  
Or CHARLES, for solitude, has left his throne?  
Why LOCKE in metaphysics should delight—  
Precisian sage, to set false reason right?  
Why ALBION'S SONS should kindle up a war?  
Why JOVE or VULCAN hurried on the car?  
Perhaps the same propensity you use,  
Has prompted her a martial course to choose.  
Perhaps to gain refinements where she could,  
This rare achievement for her country's good.  
Or was some hapless *lover* from her torn—  
As EMMA did her valient HAMMON mourn?  
Else he must tell, who would this truth attain,  
Why one is formed for pleasure—one for pain:  
Or, boldly, why our MAKER made us such—  
Why *here* he gives too *little*—*there* too *much*!

I WOULD not purposely evade a a pertinent answer;  
and yet I know not, at present, how to give a more particular one than has already been suggested.

I AM indeed willing to acknowledge what I have done, an error and presumption. I will call it an *error*

and *presumption*, because I swerved from the accustomed flowry paths of *female delicacy*, to walk upon the heroic precipice of feminine perdition!—I indeed left my morning pillow of roses, to prepare a couch of brambles for the night; and yet I awoke from this refreshed, to gather nought but the thorns of anguish for the next night's repose—and in the precipitancy of passion, to prepare a moment for repentance at leisure!

HAD all this been achieved by the rougher hand, more properly assigned to wield the sword in duty and danger in a defensive war, the most cruel in its measures, though important in its consequences; these thorns might have been converted into wreaths of immortal glory and fame. I therefore yield every claim of honor and distinction to the hero and patriot, who met the foe in his own name; though not with more heartfelt satisfaction, with the trophies, which were most to redound to the future grandeur and importance of the country in which he lives.

BUT *repentance* is a sweet solace to conscience, as well as the most complete atonement to the Supreme JUDGE of our offences: notwithstanding the tongue of malevolence and scurrility may be continually preparing its most poisonous ingredients for the punishment of a crime which has already received more than half a pardon.

YET if even this be deemed too much of an extenuation of a breach in the modesty of the *female world*—humiliated and contented will I sit down inglorious, for

having unfortunately performed an important part assigned for another—like a bewildered star traversing out of its accustomed orbit, whose twinkling beauty at most has become totally obscured in the presence of the sun.

BUT as the rays of the sun strike the eye with the greatest lustre when emerging from a thick fog, and as those actions which have for their objects the extended hand of charity to the indigent and wretched—to restore a bewildered traveller to light—and, to reform in ourselves any irregular and forlorn course of life; so, allowing myself to be one or the greatest of these, do I still hope for some claim on the indulgence and patronage of the public; as in such case I might be conscious of the approbation of my GOD.

I CANNOT, contentedly, quit this subject or this place, without expressing, more emphatically, my high respect and veneration for my own SEX. The indulgence of this respectable circle supercedes my merit, as well as my most sanguine expectations. You receive at least in return my warmest gratitude. And though you can neither have, or perhaps need, from me the instructions of the sage, or the advice of the counsellor; you surely will not be wholly indifferent to my most sincere declaration of friendship for that sex, for which this checkered flight of my life may have rendered me the least ornamental example; but which, neither in adversity or prosperity, could I ever learn to forget or degrade.

I TAKE it to be from the greatest extremes both

in virtue and in vice, that the uniformly virtuous and reformed in life can derive the greatest and most salutary truths and impressions.—Who, for example, can contemplate for a moment, the *prodigal*—from the time of his revelry with harlots, to that of his eating husks with swine, and to his final return to his father—without the greatest emotion of disgust, pity and joy? And is it possible to behold the effects of the unprincipled conduct of the *libertine*, the *bacchanalian*, the *debauchee*, and what is more wretched of all, of the emaciated, haggard form of a modern *baggage* in the streets, without bringing into exercise every passion of abhorrence and commiseration? And yet, happy, those, who at the same time receive a monitor which fixes a resolve, never to embark on such a sea of perdition; where we see shipwreck of all that is enobling to the dignity of *man*—all that is lovely and amiable in the character of *woman*!

I CANNOT, indeed bring the adventures, even of the worst part of my own life, as parallels with this black catalogue of crimes. But in whatever I may be thought to have been unnatural, unwise and indelicate, it is now my most fervent desire it may have a suitable impression on you—and on me, a penitent for every wrong thought and step. The rank you hold in the scale of beings is, in many respects, superior to that of man. *Nurses* of his growth, and invariable models of his habits, he becomes a suppliant at your shrine, emulous to please, assiduous to cherish and support, to live and to die for you! *Blossoms* from your very birth, you become his admiration, his joy, his eden companions in

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 this world.—How important then is it, that these *blossoms* bring forth such *fruit*, as will best secure your own delights and felicity, and those of him, whose every enjoyment, and even his very existence, is so peculiarly interwoven with your own!

ON the whole, as we readily acquiesce in the acknowledgment, that the *field* and the *cabinet* are the proper spheres assigned to our MASTERS and our LORDS; may *we*, also, deserve the dignified title and encomium of MISTRESS and LADY, in our *kitchens* and in our *parlours*. And as an overruling providence may succeed our wishes—let us rear an offspring in every respect worthy to fill the most illustrious stations of their predecessors.



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